

# The Gleaner 1983



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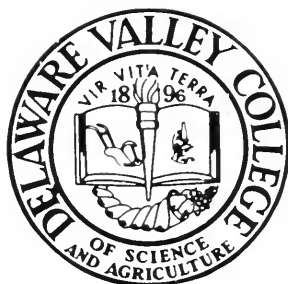
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# The Gleaner

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Delaware Valley College of Science and Agriculture  
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Doug Bereczki

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Cindy Priluker

Reflections on time  
when things were a lot simpler  
Now everything is tied in knots,  
chains we have put on ourselves,  
self-imposed limitations.  
Life is simple.  
We as people  
living and feeling,  
we make it complicated.  
If we could just be happy with the simple things,  
Instead of always,  
looking for problems,  
searching for complications.  
It is human nature to be always looking for more.  
Never accepting things  
for what they seem on the surface.  
Often under the surface,  
people are much more complicated.  
We must search deeper  
to find the worthwhile,  
the special care of each person.  
So on we go  
looking for complications,  
because we feel we must.

--Nancy Lukert

My life is made of shapes and lines  
yet never follow one design.

Never straight and never curved  
and never easy to observe.

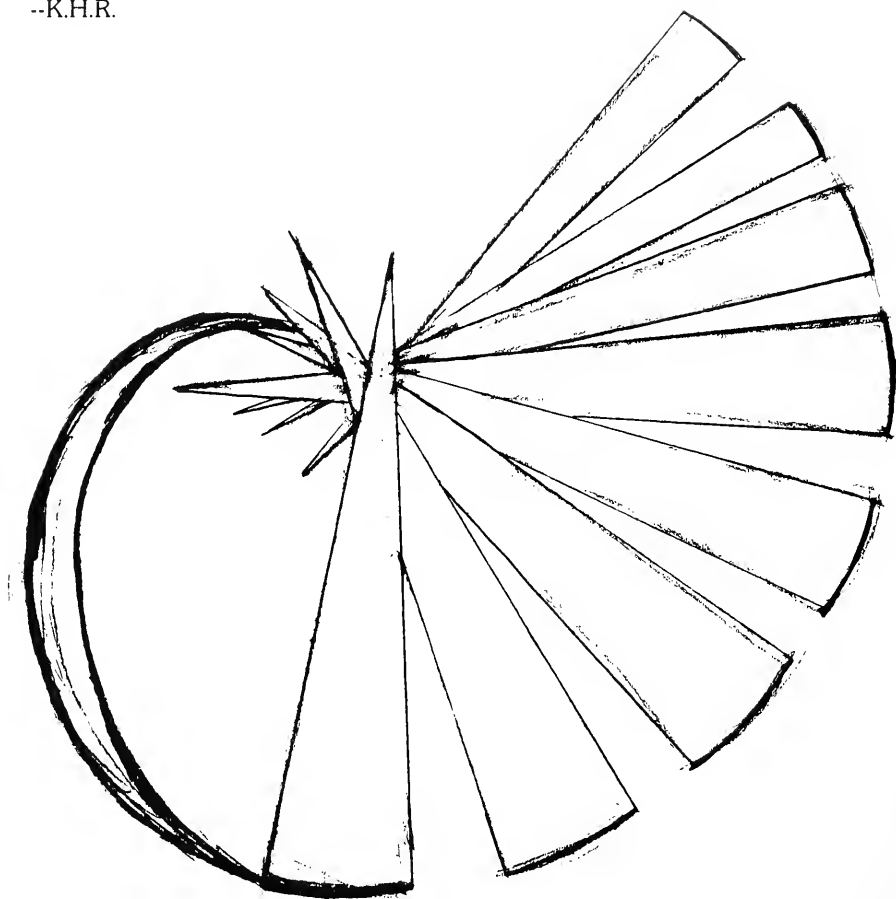
It's up and down, in and out  
but always me without a doubt.

Circles—squares—other various shapes  
help to make up my landscape.

Straight curved imaginary lines  
live together in my mind.

Although I'm basically designed  
I'm never easy to define.

--K.H.R.



## Sunrise

And when the sun goes down  
So does my false smile.  
As I lay down all alone  
My mind wanders for awhile.  
There's no protection from my thoughts  
Or the way I feel inside.  
How often I've fought  
Lost in fears . . . and cried.  
So I pray each night, "God, end my pain."  
For we all have to die.  
And then it comes again  
Sunrise

--Carl Vivaldi

Sarah Cox



## *Destination*

*If I was to leave  
Could I trust in our feelings  
To hold us together, to keep us strong  
If you think you have lost me  
If you think that it's over  
I've just got to say, that you're wrong*

*It's not my way  
And it's not my revelation  
And it's not what I want  
It's just my destination*

*The future is near  
Though this way it never comes  
And yesterday's dreams will help me hang on  
The roads ahead are uncertain  
They are far too long, and much too cold  
Can I trust in you to help me be strong  
To help me carry on...*

*--bill demott*





Barb Brennan



Doug Berecz

*Softly falling  
The snow touches my cheek,  
Lands gently on my hand,  
Glistens in the light.  
I see with awe  
The complex beauty  
Of each tiny crystal.  
But the heat of my hand  
Is overwhelming  
And the fragile wonder fades.  
Is that what happened;  
Was I too warm?*

--Lu

## New Shoes

Been awhile, for new shoes  
Breakin' em in, never easy  
Blistered heels, achin' all over  
Clumsy walk, awkward lookin'  
Can't forget, they all laughed  
The shoes were new, so was I

Didn't take long though  
Callused blisters, achin' gone  
Clumsy came cool, awkward went lookin'  
The shoes broke in, so did I  
Time for new shoes

--Dan Schwalm







Richard Rollins



Watching you sleep..  
You look so peaceful,  
in our own world.  
What are your thoughts?  
Do you feel at peace?  
Are you confused?  
Try to clear your mind,  
come to peace with yourself,  
you are so handsome.  
Those big brown eyes,  
they seem to reflect  
all of your thoughts.  
Sometimes I can look into them  
and they reflect an image,  
like a mirror,  
you can't see in.  
Sometimes when I close my eyes  
I think of you.  
Often when I close my eyes  
I think of you.  
I wonder if you can see into my eyes,  
like I can see into yours.  
More often I wonder if  
I want to let you.

--Nancy Lukert



## So Alone

Sometimes I sit  
And watch you hide behind  
A wall of jokes,  
    of witty sayings,  
    of funny stories.  
I watch you laugh  
    when you want to cry.  
I watch you flit  
    like a hummingbird  
From one subject to the next—  
    never resting long in one place—  
Afraid to be caught.  
I watch you  
And I wonder how,  
When you are with  
So many people,  
You can be  
So alone.

--Wanda M. Perugini



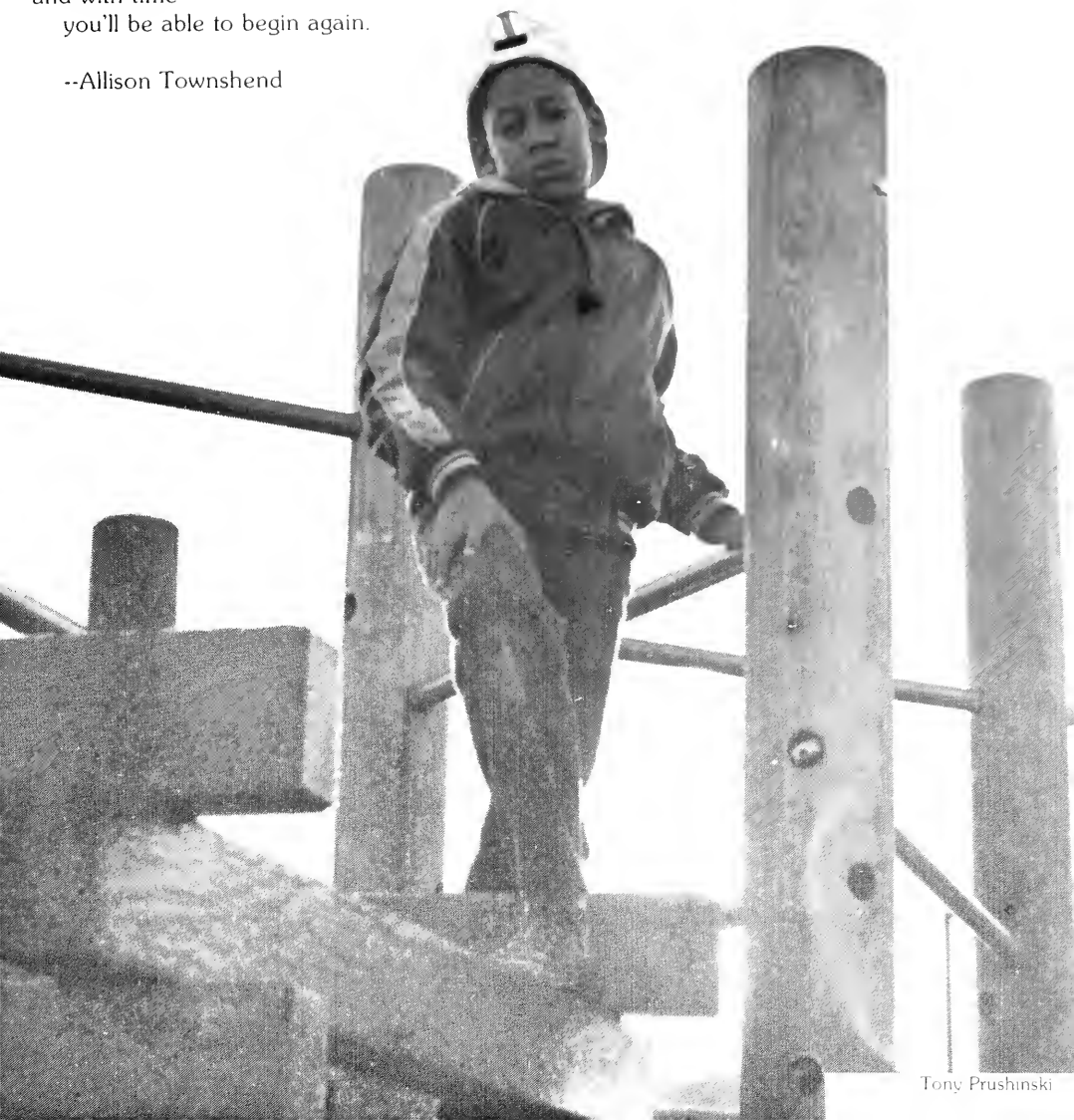
Sarah Cox



## A Poem For Joey

you're struggling  
and you have  
no way to turn.  
You've been rejected  
and in your aloneness  
you must strike out  
at anyone  
including yourself  
to take away the hurt.  
I feel so helpless—  
wanting you to know  
that you are loved,  
and with time  
you'll be able to begin again.

--Allison Townshend



Tony Prushinski



## **Magdeline Jean**

Her name they say was Magdeline Jean  
She flew like the wind, she lived in a dream  
She looked for the beauty in all that she found  
Until the day when they brought her down to  
Reality, said now you must learn to  
Survive, to be real, even if you get burned

Shut the door, turn the key

Dear Magdeline Jean

Magdeline Jean, she grew up all alone  
Constantly fighting for what she had known  
Long ago, far away, how happy she was  
But all of that changed, she became one of us  
Her hopes splashed apart, like shattering glass  
Till they couldn't be found, they were part of her past

Look away from the scene

Dear Magdeline Jean

Magdeline Jean she retired from life  
She was sick of hatred, sick of the strife  
She bought a small tree and lived deep inside  
For the rest of her life, she managed to hide  
And she prayed with the clouds, communed with the earth  
And forever was happy, she'd acquired rebirth.

May you laugh and be free

Dear Magdeline Jean

--Jennifer Conway

*Soft, gentle breezes blow over the sea  
Carrying the sound of seagull cries  
And waves pounding on the shore  
As I walk I hear them and my mind  
Is filled with joy  
Remembering*

*--Carl Vivaldi*



*i need the directions before i begin--  
i want the conditions before  
i sign and say, yes  
will you help me?  
i need to know if it's important enough  
for tears;  
or can it be smiled away;  
like always  
can you tell me?  
i want what's deep inside to crest and  
break like waves,  
the pain dispersed in  
the sea; foam the only evidence of  
what was--  
how's it done?  
do you know?  
i want happiness to be real and forever  
and the insecurities a dim illusion  
of the past  
can you guarantee it?  
where do i sign?*

--D. L. W.

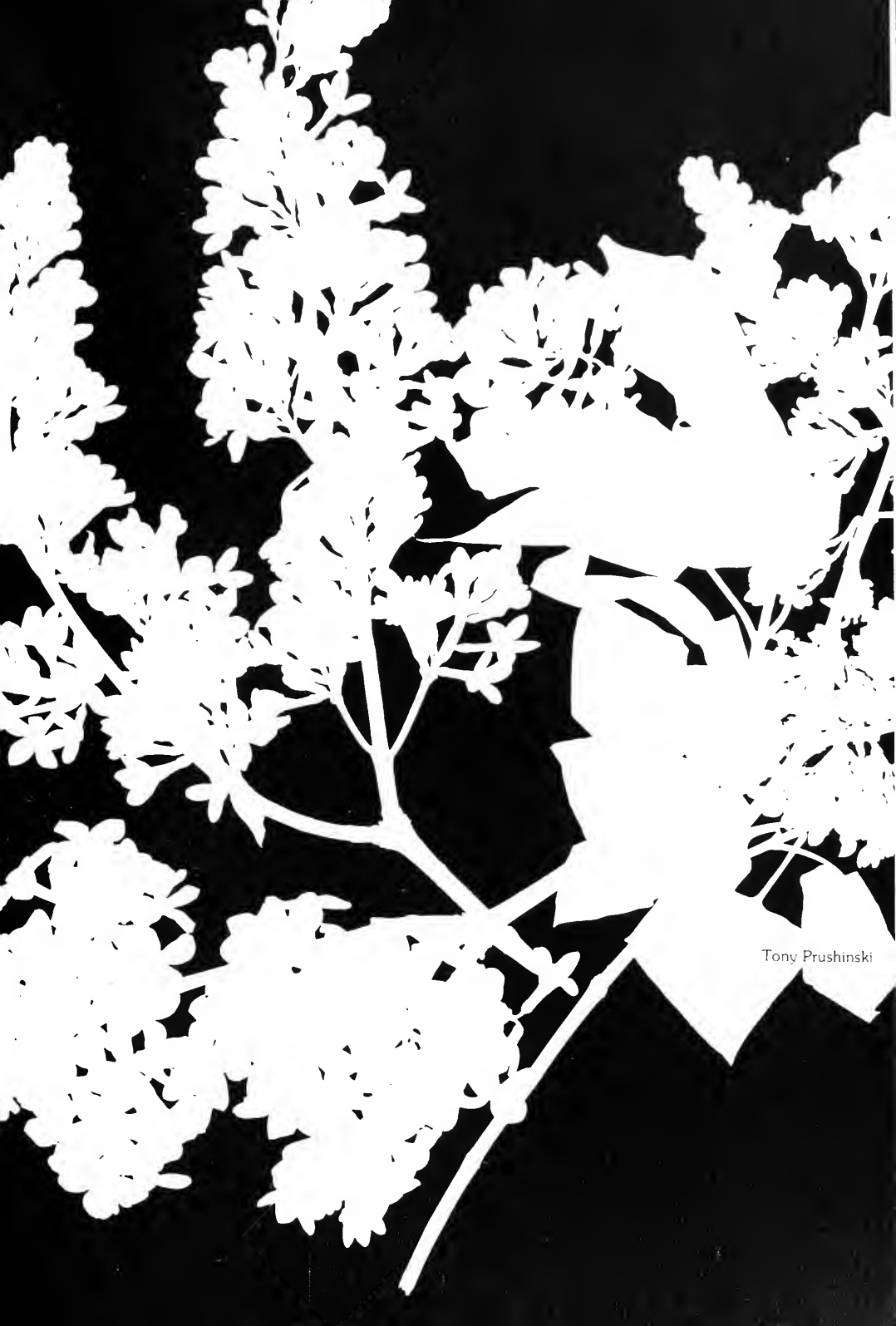


I don't know what I'm thinking of,  
Last night when I slept I dreamt we made love;  
You are my friend not my lover,  
But in my dream there was no other;  
-----please explain what's happening to me,  
For this fact now I see;  
Forgive me please O God above,  
For what I feel is not love.

Love is sharing, giving and caring,  
Love causes the heart to feel as if it's tearing;  
It's lust I feel and nothing more,  
But he loves another and so therefore;  
It is not right to feel this lust,  
But I shall feel it 'till my body is dust.

When you are near I must look away,  
If you speak, no words will I say;  
Now I'm wary and you'll never know why,  
The events of my dream have made me so shy;  
Help me please help me I want to stay friends,  
But I can't, I just can't if my dream never ends.

--Anonymous



Tony Prushinski



*I came into a half-filled room  
Where none were right  
and none were wrong  
I took a chair off to the left  
To get a better view.  
One by one they came inside  
To sit in silence  
by my side and others  
They knew not why  
They were there at all.*

*Then He entered confidently  
Educator, apostle, missionary  
Are you the teacher of the Soul?  
Master teach me well.*

*--Carl Vivaldi*



A high-contrast black and white photograph of a streambed. The water is bright white as it flows over dark, jagged rocks. The rocks are of various sizes and shapes, creating a textured landscape. The water's movement is captured with a slight blur, giving a sense of flow. The overall composition is abstract and focuses on the interplay of light and shadow on the natural elements.

*Silently winding,  
Working, wearing  
The cool water  
Flowing, creeping;  
Carving sculptures for man.*

*—Janet Graham*



My heart has been softened.  
My emotions possessed.  
I am independent  
Yet captured by your love.

--Linda H. Hahn

Everything lost                      nothing gained-  
Sunshine forecast                      ended up rain-  
Remember dreams                      they don't fade-  
They won't just happen                      they must be made-  
Pull yourself together                      stand up strong-  
The hell with them                      your dreams aren't wrong!

--K. H. R.



Steven Stanford

## In Search Of Self

I am on a search  
For courage  
And strength--  
The strength to face the truth  
    About myself;  
To discover who I really am  
    Instead of what I appear to be;  
To look through my own eyes--  
    If just for an instant--  
    And see the world unclouded by other's views;  
To say what I believe  
    Instead of what people want to hear;  
To speak my heart--  
    To lay all it contains open before you--  
    And not be afraid of that vulnerability;  
To laugh at life;  
To be angry at injustice;  
To cry real tears.

--Wanda M. Perugini

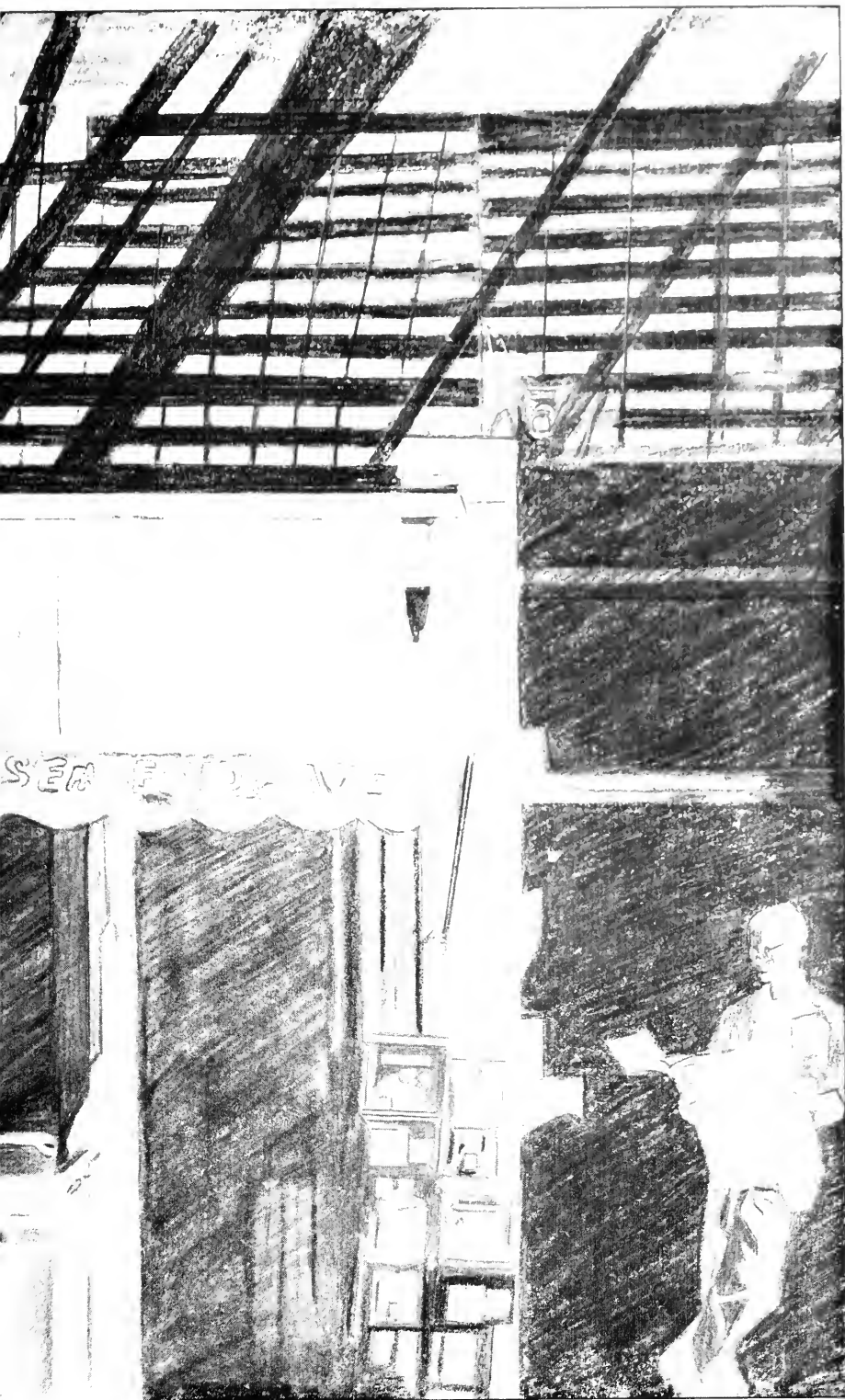
I once sat backward  
on a train  
going forward  
and wondered--  
Am I looking at  
my past  
Or,  
afraid to face  
the future.

--dkp

Linda Hahn







Richard Rollins

We met in late summer.

While the sun still shot warm rays,  
and life in nature was peaking.

Green plants spiked to the sky.

Vivid colored fruit and the two of us ripened to  
maturity.

We sat together in the Orchard

Never imagining what lay ahead of us.

Whether the tree we were under was apple or peach.

Or if what we shared God had planted in our souls  
and bodies.

We fell in love in autumn.

With the cornstalks still standing, and the trees  
ablaze with color.

The leaves throughout seemed to be burning with eternity.

Just as the love we felt for each other was as  
solid as that rock in the woods.

We walked together in winter.

Finally the snow came, falling in the night.

Under falling stars, the moonlight shone.

The world seemed to sparkle outside, as well as in our  
hearts.

We made wishes - never to be forgotten.

Real enough for us to share and be part of.

Like the lake and the geese.

The snow on your coat, and me on your shoulder.

--anonymous





*FRIENDSHIP:*

*a binding contract  
you sign  
with laughter-  
and break  
with tears.*

*--Allison Townshend*



*Love is:*

*Like an ever running river  
In a forest of evergreens.  
It's a never ending feeling  
In a never ending dream.*

*--Amy Harrison*

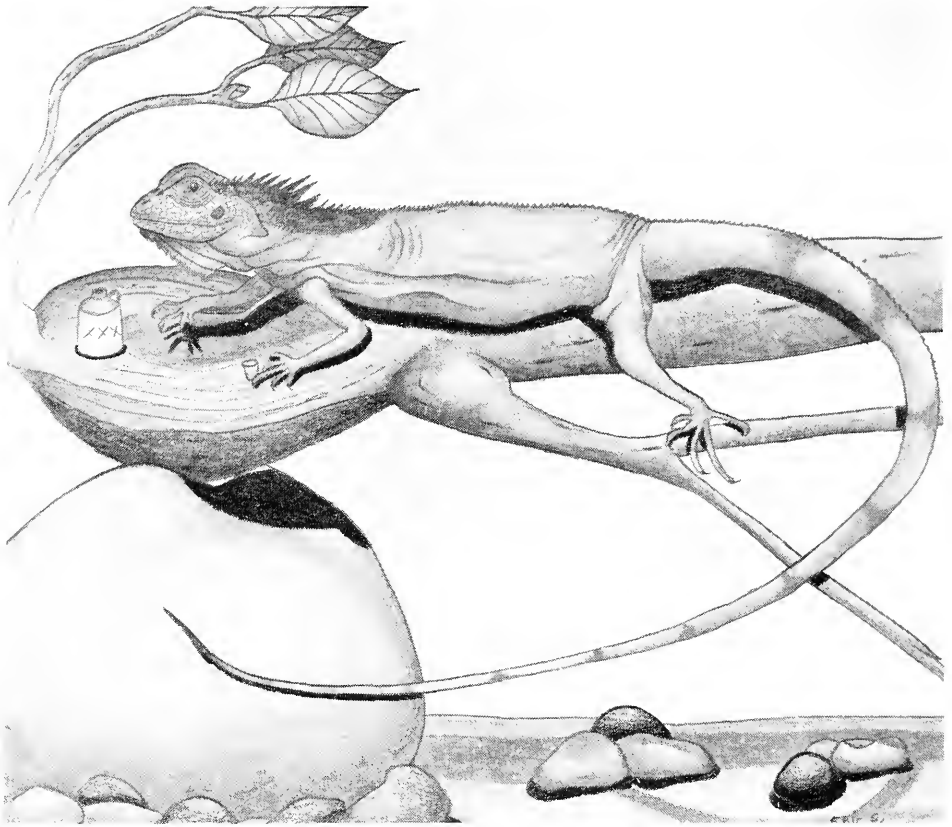
*I Love You-  
there I said it.  
relief  
from the bottled up  
emotions in my head  
and heart.  
Disappointed?  
I'm sorry  
I never was good  
at hiding  
feelings.*

*--mhd*

## *Novel Love*

*A love that was never known  
Is like a book never opened.  
A look at its cover  
Could never display what lies within.  
You never experience the joy  
Which is hidden between its words.  
You never know what might have been  
If just someday you broke that binding.*

*--June Guzikowski*



*Glycerine tears or real?  
to borrow time or steal--*

*Immitation or McCoy  
a real love or just a toy?*

*False pretense or genuine  
is it full or just part time?*

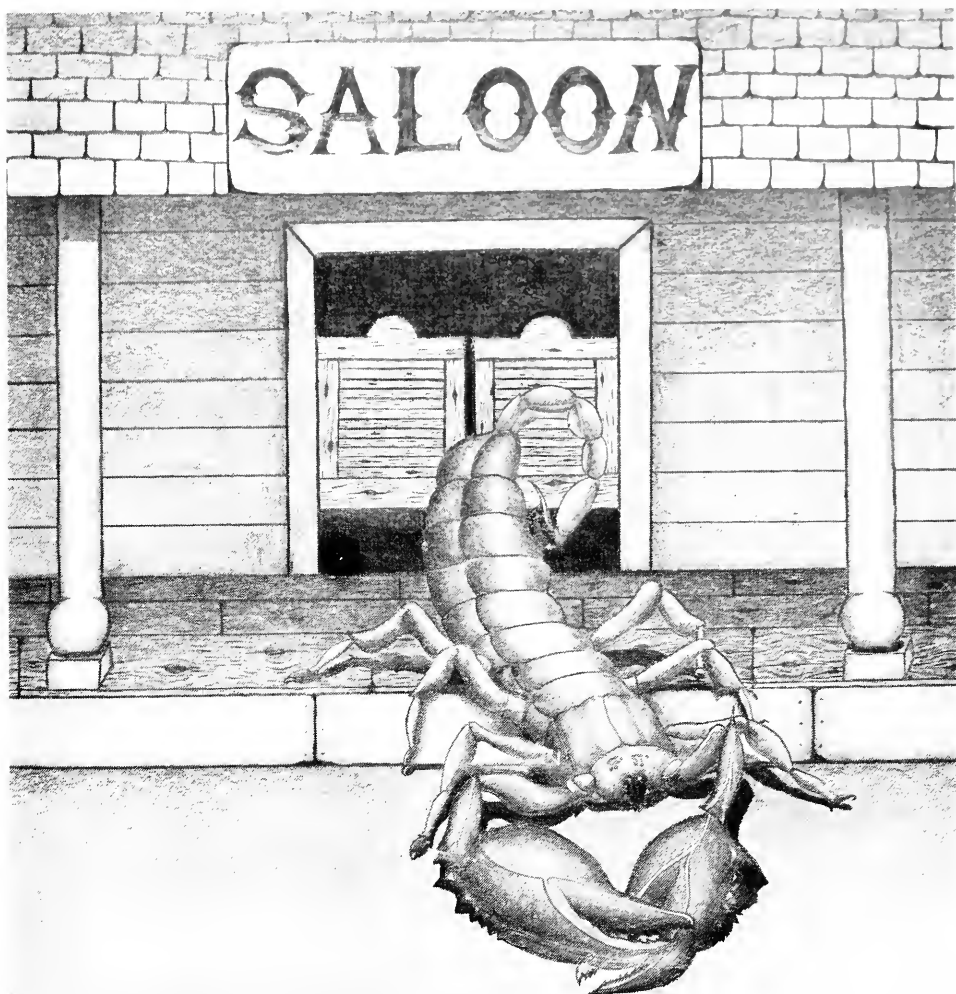
*Is it missing? Is it lost?  
was it thrown or was it tossed--*

*Was it altered, has it changed--  
just mixed up or rearranged?*

*Am I lost or am I found--  
in the air or on the ground?  
--khr*

*Laugh  
with me till morning-  
For when morning comes  
Reality  
will twist our thoughts and  
Guilt  
will enter our chambers  
through the windows left open by  
Society.*

*--Jennifer Conway*





## **Someone Else**

What kind of game is it you play when the  
stakes are someone else's feelings?

Do you care how much you spend when  
someone else pays the price?

Why should you care who takes the fall  
when someone else takes the blame?

What does it matter who gets hurt as long  
as they are someone else's tears?

I was the someone who loved you and  
now there's SOMEONE ELSE!

--Susan Richart

## Cloud

You're just a dusty road traveller  
weary and abused  
It seems the more you travel  
the more you're bound to lose  
your hopes, your dreams, your self-esteem  
That's taken years to find  
And now it's wrapped around your head  
and messin' up your mind

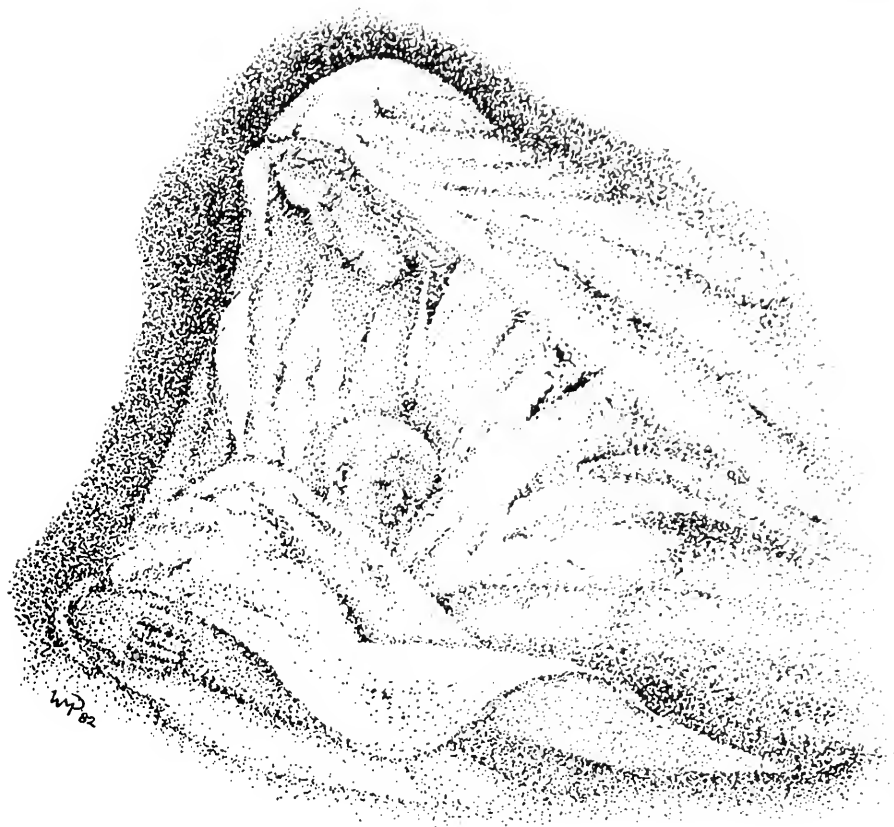
They look at you and shake their heads  
This son they thought they knew  
He hears in colors, sees in sounds  
and always seems to wander round  
not knowing what he needs to find  
not knowing what he wants to be  
not knowing if it's worth it just to worry endlessly

But if they knew your secrets  
That were buried deep inside  
If they could see your visions  
filled with colors, filled with pride  
Then they would know your travelling  
was something you must do  
'Cause if you had to settle down  
then your dreams might not come true.



Sarah Cox





## Singular Beauty

I see you there  
 Among the reeds,  
 blending in so well.  
 So much like the rest  
 in a crowded marsh,  
 yet feeling alone.  
 Breezes blow  
 and you dance unnoticed,  
 yet another day and still silent.  
 Why haven't I noticed before  
 that special glow  
 that singular beauty?

--Paul Luccia



## **My Best Friend**

As I pull the car in the driveway she's always the first one to greet me. In her dirty, old gray coat and sparkling green eyes, she looks so beautiful. We walk into the kitchen together, me holding the door for her, and take our usual seats. She watches me, able to detect my mood just by my footsteps. I ask her how she's been and tell her all the troubles of my life. She's always there to lend an ear and never interrupts a word. Then I look at her life--so simple, it makes me laugh all my troubles away. We both turn in the direction of my mother's voice as she shouts, "Oh Hi Lin, that you? Say, did the cat come in with you?"

Yeah ma, it's me. We're here in the kitchen.

--Linda H. Hahn

*Your kindness  
Has made me see.  
Your gentleness  
Has made me feel.  
Your eyes  
Let me believe.  
You  
Let my heart listen.*

*--Donna Lee Lombardi*

*I broke down and let  
you in  
shared with you  
my dreams.  
Told you secrets never revealed  
and all my fantasies  
It's dumb to listen to  
a foolish heart--  
All that it craves  
is pain.  
You led me on  
coaxed and teased,  
yet I'm the one  
who bleeds.*

*--Tillie Docalovich*



Arlene Stein

*—Story of Love*

*Isn't it funny how love seems to go  
They say take it easy, take it slow  
But I wish they could know  
How sometimes it's my only foe*

*Now you tell me I am not the only one  
Who's ever felt this way  
But lately it's always been me  
Can I take it another day?*

*Love is a chain that holds us together  
But in my eyes there is a missing part  
Because you were the one I needed forever  
So you're gone, now it's goodbye to my heart*

*I am alone again, but it's nothing new  
Do you ever think of me?  
I know I'll find love's paths again  
Because it is a feeling I can't let be.*

*--Bill Demott*





## *Autumn Leaves*

*Brightly colored leaves  
of*

*oranges, reds,  
yellow and  
browns.*

*Fall ever so softly on the  
wings of a whispering wind  
floating, spinning  
twirling, tumbling  
to the ground.*

*--D. Fosbrook*

## *Autumn*

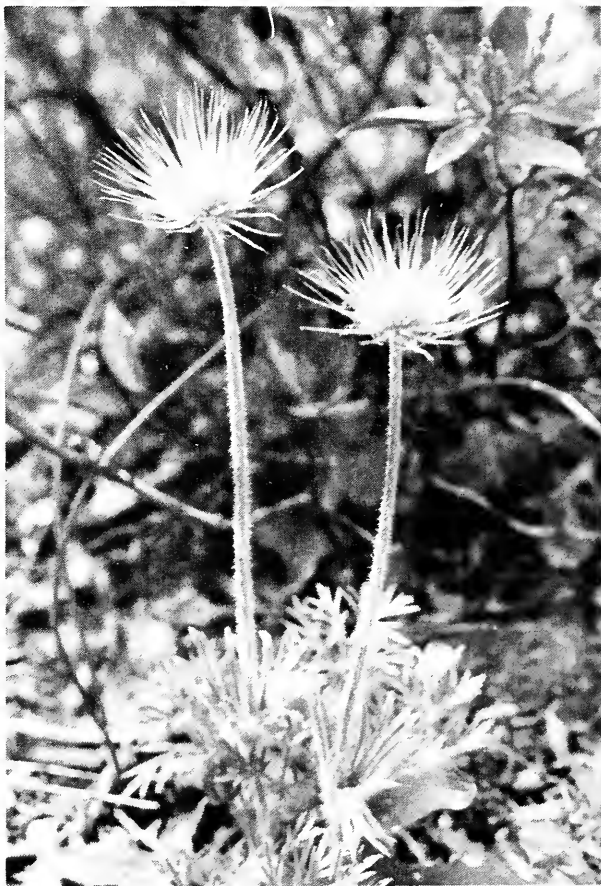
*As the summer slowly drifts into fall,  
Leaves of green fade into crimson and gold.  
The air becomes crisp and blustery-  
Leaves slowly falling then,  
Crunch and crackle beneath your feet.  
Little by little- Autumn subsides into  
the dead of winter.*

*--Maribeth Giannone*

## To a Special Friend

When you smile time seems to stop.  
Given a passing glance, I wish I could keep it  
to have when you're not there.  
Through your placid eyes I see a beautiful person.  
If I could be your shadow I would  
be behind you when you thought no one else would.  
If I could be in your thoughts as you are always in mine  
I would always have something to smile about,  
time after time.  
The time we share I cherish, even though it may be short.  
I wish we could talk, really talk  
not simple chatter to take up the time we share,  
but a talk that lets that beautiful person come out  
to meet the beautiful person on the outside.  
Your grin warms me, like the heat from the sun,  
or a hug from your best friend.  
I'm here for you  
to listen,  
to help  
to be there when you need me.  
I thank you for what you share,  
the time you take to talk,  
the warmth you show.  
I thank you for being you.

--anonymous



Doug Bereczki





## Run

Dust your path with magic  
 and follow the golden sun  
 Break your way to freedom  
 'cause now you're on the  
 run. . .

Once you stood for freedom  
 and roamed the open plains  
 But then they broke their promise  
 now nothing of yours  
 remains. . .

Your followers are good now  
 they killed them just for play  
 But you'll still run wild  
 so run, just get away. . .

Your end will soon be coming  
 they've driven you round and round  
 But you'll still keep on running  
 until they track you  
 down. . .

--Carl Vivaldi



## Falling Away

Explaining things from days of old  
Wondering why you are here  
Someone who is always with us  
who will wipe away your tear

You accept Him gladly in your heart  
Your happiness will grow  
But these earthly things project an image  
of someone you do not know

Forgetting Him and carrying on  
Not knowing what you do  
The days of old are still the same  
now the demon is inside of you.

- PK



### The Aged Child

I sit here wishful of younger days  
when time seemed to stand still  
But what a fool not to know  
that time goes on until

Forever; but I'll be gone then  
with nothing to show for  
I spend my days as a child  
and the adult will never know

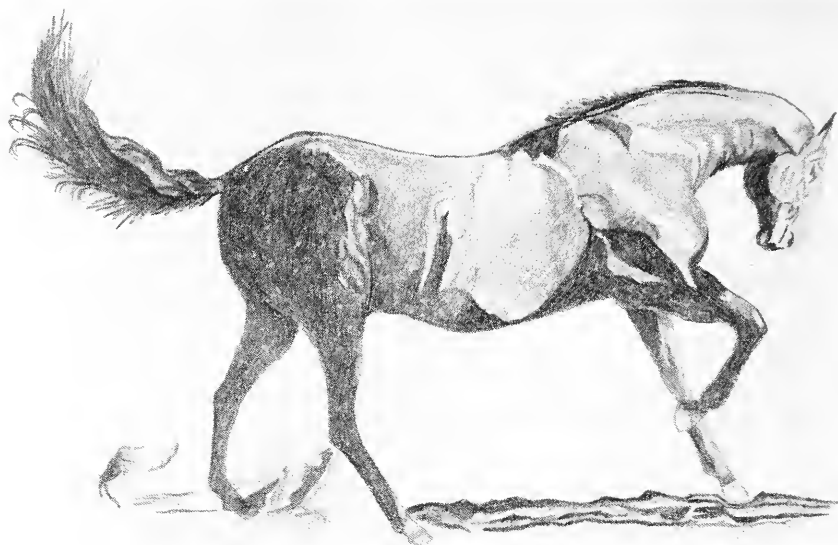
Me; for I'm as young as a babe  
as I set my spirit free  
Each breath vigorous and alive  
and no one will see me

Older; time passing me by  
living and then swept away to die  
And I would live forever if I was able  
in my imaginary fable

As a child; but time continues  
as cruel as it can be  
A day older with each new dawn  
and I rely on the memory

Of me; an Aged Child  
with death knocking at my door  
As I pass through the heavens  
I begin to live once more.

--Eileen Geary



Lauren Clawson



Pat Duffy



Jacky Mento



Brenda Givler

*Moons of Marches from our eyes  
Borneo land behind us lies;  
Stranger round us day by day  
Bends the desert circle gray;  
Wild the waves of sand are flowing,  
Hot the winds above them blowing--  
Lord of all things-- Where are we  
going? Where are we going?*

*We are weak, but thou art strong;  
Short our lives, but thine is long;  
We are blind, but thou hast eyes;  
We are fools, but thou art wise  
Thou, our marrow's pathway knowing  
Through the strange world round us growing,  
Hear us, tell us where are we going,  
Where are we going?*

*--Leigh Phillips*

Barb Taft





Barb Taft

*A Standout. . .*

*A standout in my life--the closest  
thing I have to feel  
I vaguely see your reflections in the  
pond, where I sometimes kneel.  
A standout in the way you used to  
hold my hand--  
And as we walked together countless  
times--barefoot in the sand. . .  
A standout in my heart--I will never  
forget our once endless love  
All I can do now is gaze in the  
stars above;  
Because sometimes love has a way  
with young minds  
It's tricky and deceiving--sometimes  
sneaks up from behind.  
A standout you have been--  
Though, as nature takes its course  
our love has spread so thin. . .  
A standout to the end--I will never  
forget the past--  
Our roads may split in two--but  
may our love forever last. . .*

*--Janice McNeil*



*PEACE*

*When the storm is over  
And the trees are still*

*A tiny bird sits perched  
Upon a snow covered limb*

*It is so very quiet now  
And a silence surrounds me*

*With a peace  
That I've never felt before.*

*--D. Fosbrook*



## Graduation

*Graduation.*

*I've waited for this day for years!  
Envious juniors and proud parents,  
Handshakes, smiles, and diplomas all around.  
I'm actually finished!  
Free to conquer the world.*

*Graduation.*

*I've stalled this day for years.  
How can I say goodbye to these most precious friends?  
The emptiness of our parting can never be filled by the memories.  
I wish them the best in life.  
For I know,  
That's what they have given me.*

*--Paul Luccia*



Since  
I have an  
u-n-k-n-o-w-n  
amount of time to  
burn,  
let me be a



to beckon and  
to beam.

--Dr. Richard C. Ziemer



